

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

JUDGE ROBERTS QUALIFIED FOR GOVERNOR.

A Brief Review of His Achievements.

Judge Albert H. Roberts, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, in August primary, was born on a farm in Overton county, Tennessee, some forty-eight years ago, and has spent an active, open life in the midst of his people ever since. His parents, while not rich, were respectable and substantial, and the subject of this sketch, with only the heritage of good parentage and without the aid of money or influence, has made his own way in the world. He is a fine type of a truly self-made man.

He has always been a profound student and his indomitable energy, backed up by a strong well poised intellect, made his success both rapid and secure. Such a man could not fail because he deserved to succeed. As a young man and throughout life he was temperate, clean and high minded, and to this day there is not a spot or blemish on his character as a man or his record as a public servant.

Judge Roberts has never been a self seeking politician, having never sought or held a really political office in his life; and while he has never been an obnoxious factionalist in politics, he has always been a loyal, active and consistent democrat.

As a private citizen, Judge Roberts has ever stood for the highest and best and purest in our state and National life. He has ever been the champion of the church, home and the school and the ideals and principles underlying them. In every forward movement, in everything which tends to the elevation, the happiness and the betterment of the people, Judge Roberts has always been in the forefront. And he is no trimmer or time saver. He fights in the open and always hits hard. Recently, in the various war activities, he has given his time, his money and his talent to the cause of justice, liberty and civilization. His patriotism is not only unquestioned but most commendable. While Judge Roberts would spurn the idea of parading or exploiting his loyalty for selfish ends, or try to use his patriotism as a political asset, in a quiet, dignified, unpretentious way he has done his whole duty in the pending crisis and does not claim any credit for it. His neighbors know and the rantings of a blatant demagogue will not mislead the public, even though Judge Roberts' modesty and sense of propriety will not permit him to boast of his patriotism. Perhaps the most conspicuous traits in Judge Roberts' character are his fidelity to duty and his ambition to serve. His work on the bench, serving the largest Chancery division in the state, demonstrated not only his willingness to work but his capacity for hard labor. He held more special terms and did more work than any Chancellor in the state and the records speak for themselves.

Judge Roberts, being a man of the people and from the people, possesses in a high degree that democratic simplicity so characteristic of every truly great man.

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OUR BOYS "WITH THE COLORS"

Paris Island, S. C.
July 7, 1918.

Dear Mr. Tardy:
I enlisted in the Marine Corps June 27, 1918. I only wish I had enlisted June 27, 1917. If I had enlisted June 27, 1917, I would have been over there doing my bit, as I am trying to do here. I think I'll be sent over the pond in 12 or 14 weeks, and I'm rearing to go over.

On the 10th of May, 1918, I resigned a position paying \$198 per month, in order to get to go over there and help to defeat the Kaiser. I was not satisfied until I answered the call of Old Glory. I could have escaped the draft for at least 12 months by staying in California, but I knew we had boys over there doing their bit and I wanted to join them.

Some people don't know what a Marine is. A Marine is everything pertaining to military service. Everybody can't be a Marine. You surely have to be a man in many respects.

We have to work hard while on the island, but we think nothing of it, as we know it is for a good cause. We only drill 8 hours a day. When we leave the island we will have more privileges than we have here. We don't have time for a good time while here. We are taking 6 months training in six or eight weeks.

When I was sworn in the Major told me I was a Marine now and not a baby. He said if I had any baby ways I would have to forget them while on the island.

They are 20,000 Marines on the island today. They come and go every day. I had a couple of shots in the arm yesterday and I surely have some arm today.

I guess they will send our Co. to Wanto, Va. from here, but we won't be there very long until some of us will be sent over, and I hope to be one of the 66 in our Co., to go over.

Tell all Jackson county friends that I am well satisfied, and didn't expect to find any more here than I found.

Yours truly,
Private George H. Lynch
220 Co.
Paris Island, S. C.

Camp Pike, Ark.
July 9, 1918.

Dear Editor:

A I have a few spare moments today will try and write to the dear old paper and my dear friends of Jackson county.

The Jackson county boys are getting along fine. All seem to like army life fine. We are all getting as brown as a ginger snap under this hot Arkansas sun.

We have been on the Rifle Range several days, and the Jackson county boys have won a great "Rep" for their marksmanship and excellent qualities in "swearing."

I wish to speak a word to the boys at home who are expecting to be called to the colors, "cheer up boys" for the worse is yet to come. When you get here and get a vaccination in the arm and a "shot" in the back, I'll admit that you will have some difficulty figuring what position you will sleep that night.

Comer Whitaker says camp life is great, but "Sweet creek"

is the garden spot of the world. Clifford Bilbrey, says he likes fine, but he often sighs for the beautiful scenery of Keeling Branch.

Fred Gaines requests that his friends of Hensley creek send him an oldtime, homemade biscuit with full directions for using it. I haven't received the Sentinel for several weeks, on account of my address being changed. We can't ever tell when we are going to move in the army.

Co. C. is chiefly composed of Tennesseans. I wish the Jackson county people could see this Co. and judge our qualities. Of course we all think we are "top-notchers."

I will be glad to hear from all my friends back home. Remember you have a hundred chances to write to our one. A soldier boy is not often idle. Write to me often dear ones at home, for I am always anxious to hear from you.

We know the people of Jackson county will help to win this war, by buying Bonds and Thrift Stamps. You furnish the cash and we will get the Kaiser.

Best wishes to all,
Felix Bilbrey,
Co. C. 1st. Regiment,
Replacement Div.

Somewhere in France,
May 8, 1918.

It is midnight, and I am writing this letter in a wine cellar somewhere in France. The big shells are roaring over my head and the earth is trembling. I told you about eating those eggs that had been in a gas attack. Well it nearly got me. I am alright now though, and have only a headache left.

When one sees the spirit of the Americans who are now fighting there can be no doubt of the outcome of this war. I have seen young fellows minus a foot, or a hand, others gassed or otherwise injured, hobbling to a first aid station themselves, and waving away the brave Red Cross lads, telling them "there are others who need you worse." At the same time they grit their teeth, give a sickly smile and hobble on. One can certainly

realize what bravery is here.

Suppose you were a stretcher bearer, and you and several more of your squad were going after a man to save his life. Then suppose you met a soldier in such a condition as I have described above and he would say: "Never mind about me, I'll make it. Save that chum of mine." With her fighting men showing such spirit as that America can never be whipped.

We can't help but win, and you people back home have got to hand it to Frenchie also. He's game to the core. There's no use to worry about the outcome of the war, that won't whip 'em. Just buckle down and back us up, that's all we ask. We'll do the rest.

I've seen and heard men that were shell shocked, rave and dance. I've seen the horses and mules suffering from the same thing simply go crazy. After my chum was gassed I was lonesome and sad, and I now hate the Huns worse than ever. As often as they will permit us we go over the top and chase them out of their dugouts and holes.

As I have often said, the boys over here do daring deeds, but the farmer in Switzerland county has his chance of freeing the world just the same as us. In fact if it were not for the farmers we would be in a dicken's of a mess. The war could not be won if he failed to back us up with every ounce of foodstuff his ground will raise.

John F. Butters.

Note—The above letter was written by a young man from the editor's former home, and who was one of the first American's to see service in the front line trenches. His letter shows the spirit and metal our American boys possess.

Other letters from our soldier boys on third page.

Sentinel Commended by T. R. Preston.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
July 8, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor:

We feel that War Savings Stamp Pledge Day June 28th—

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Sugar Pledge for Home Canning and Preserving.

(This pledge must be sworn to in duplicate before a notary public, justice of the peace, judge of a court of record or postmaster. One copy must be delivered to merchant to be turned over to County Food Administrator, and the other must be held and preserved by buyer. No sugar whatever will be allowed to anyone who violates this sworn pledge.)

STATE OF TENNESSEE, JACKSON COUNTY.

The undersigned, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I make application for _____ pounds of sugar (in no event more than 25 pounds), and I do solemnly swear that such sugar will be used by me exclusively for immediate canning and preserving of _____ pounds of _____ food commodity, and that under no circumstances will I sell or loan the same, and that the whole amount of sugar I now have on hand does not exceed _____ pounds.

Signature of purchaser _____

Address _____

The foregoing affidavit was read over by me to, and then signed and sworn to by, the person executing the same at _____, Tenn., this _____ day of _____, 1918

Official title _____

I certify that I this day sold the above purchaser _____ pounds of sugar for preserving and canning purposes only, and that I believe the statements contained in said pledge are true. This _____ day of _____, 1918.

Name of seller _____

Address _____

SOME HISTORY OF SHIELDS EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Memphis Newspaper Stated Truth About Him.

Below is reproduced an editorial from the Memphis News-Scimitar which appeared immediately following the election of John K. Shields to the U. S. Senate in 1913 by the Tennessee legislature:

The election of John K. Shields to the United States Senate is a good riddance, and a good thing for Tennessee. His influence has been baneful to the state; but good of bad, it has been reduced from 100 per cent to 1 per cent. In Tennessee he was supreme anarchy, creator of chaos. In Washington he will be one among a hundred, and unless he makes good, unless he develops and displays character and chastity of purpose, his 1 per cent influence will dwindle to zero.

In one sense Mr. Justice Shields—he is still Mr. Justice Shields at this writing, not having abandoned coign of vantage until after his selection—in one sense Mr. Justice Shields is representative. Probably more than any other man in the state, he epitomizes, in his proper person, the cunning, the insincerity, the selfishness and inefficiency of the state. During his political career he has left behind him a trail of squirmings, of devious windings and mystifying anfractuositous not soon to be effaced. A Democrat of the Bourbon type he betrayed and deserted his party for place and position, and precipitated a political cataclysm that destroyed all party organization, and converted a maddened and bewildered people into insurrectionaries and sans culottes, and, leading this motley horde, he overran opposition and triumphantly entered the citadel of his ambition. Loudly proclaiming himself "untrammelled," he has been the obsequious servant of special privilege. When political preferment and increased honor began peering above the horizon, he turned traitor to the janissaries who had elevated him and placed him in position, and again proclaiming himself a "regular" Democrat, repudiated the choice of the regular Democracy, and stood as a candidate for the senate. He deserted those who had elevated him with out displaying the good taste to return to their keeping the honor which they bestowed upon him, and formed new alliances through unreckoning and unremorseful expediency. While chief justice he would rally to his standard all lawyers practicing or likely to practice before him, all the judges whose cases might go before him for review, and all the powerful litigants who desired to be friendly with him in case he should have to remain on the bench. He made them all dance to his music while he piped and while he sturdily insisted on his right to call the tune, he made them pay the piper.

When he leaves the bench a sigh of relief will go up all over the state, and when he takes his seat in the senate the people of Tennessee will try and forget him, and turn their thoughts to memories of Isham G. Harris and other great Tennesseans who honored their state by ac-

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Obituary.

On the 2nd day of April 1918 about 7 o'clock, a. m. Aunt Jane Draper, one of the oldest women, in the 2nd District of Jackson county past to the beyond.

She had been in declining health for many years, being 93 years and a few months old.

She had all the attention that hands could do. The two girls at home was at the bed side all the time and done all that could be done.

She was and had been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church about 77 years. She professed religion when a small girl about 17 years old and lived a life that all are proud of.

Aunt Jane was the wife of D. H. Dixon who died several years ago, and the mother of 13 children, 8 of which are now living, 5 boys and 3 girls.

Religious services were conducted at her home on Indian creek in the presence of a large crowd by Bro. W. M. Dycus, after which she was layed to rest in the family burying ground near the home.

The memory of mother is never forgotten, and am sure will never be by the two that cared for her so long in her old age.

Alonza McCawley.